

entrance, where perfect order was maintained thereafter.

Some of the early arrivals brought baskets and boxes with luncheons inside. Others were loaded down with winter wraps, umbrellas and raincoats, all unnecessary in the summerlike weather.

Notable Persons Present.

Notables were soon appearing, and among them were Harry Payne Whitney, Payne Whitney and several ladies. A. G. Spalding, who once pitched for the Boston Red Stockings and the Chicago, who owned the Chicago club when Anson won pennants and who was one of the founders of the National League; A. C. Mills and Uncle Nick Young, former presidents of the National League; Dan Johnson, president of the American League and a member of the National Commission; August Herrmann, owner of the Cincinnati club and chairman of the National Commission, who was accompanied by Thomas J. Lynch, president of the National League and the third member of the National Commission; John A. Heydler, secretary of the National League; and Robert McKoy, secretary of the American League; Julian W. Curtis, Everett Thompson, prominent in Yale's athletic affairs; Alan Pinkerton, C. J. G. Billings of Chicago, a pillar of the trotting turf; E. E. Smathers, once the owner of the great racehorse McClellan; Daniel M. Brady, Henry Masson, John M. Whalen, treasurer of the New York club; Supreme Court Justice Edward E. McCall, William K. Oloott, John A. Drake, who won fame on the turf in the Jockey Club's days of prosperity; Frank J. Farrell, owner of the New York Highlanders; John M. Ward, captain of the Giants who won the Temple cup in 1894 and shortstop of the champion New Yorks of 1898 and 1899; Edward Hanlon, who managed pennant winners in Baltimore and Brooklyn; Adrian C. Anson, leader of the old Chicago White Stockings; Arthur A. Irwin, the Highlander scout, who played shortstop for the first world's champions, the Providence team, that won the title from the Metropolitans in 1884 on the original Polo Grounds at Fifth Avenue and 110th street; John I. Taylor, president of the Boston Americans; P. T. Powers, former president of the Eastern League and his successor, Edward Barrow; Julius Fleischman, former Mayor of Cincinnati; Max Fleischman and William Fleischman, John J. Stein and George T. Stallings of the Buffalo club; C. P. Chapin and John Gangel of the Rochester club; Jack Dunn of the Baltimore club; Pat Donovan, the retiring manager of the Boston Red Sox; John A. Kling, Mike Donlin and Fred Tenney of the Boston Nationals and their employers, William Heppburn Russell and L. C. Page; President Horace Fogel and Pitcher George Chalmers of the Phillies; Benjamin F. Shibe and his son, John Shibe, leading stockholders of the Philadelphia Athletics; Dan Brouthers, the former champion batsman of the National League, who played first base for Detroit, Buffalo, Baltimore and Brooklyn; T. C. Noyes, president of the Washington club; Sam Walton, Andrew Miller, a steward of the Jockey Club; P. J. Dwyer, owner of the Gravesend racetrack; Big Bill Devery, a thirty-third degree ball fan and a rooster for the Athletics; John Walters, Sam H. Harris, Frank Hope, Walter Moore, Eddie Leonard, Sol Mannheim, Joseph Dowling, Edward Dowling, Honest John Kelly, who umpired in the National League twenty-five years ago and was a kingpin at his trade; Edward Lauterbach, Henry Tobin, Tom Jones, manager of Ad Wolszt, the lightweight champion, who backed the Giants heavily; James E. Gaffney, Edward McDonald, Charles H. Murphy, Jr., Timothy D. Sullivan, Victor Williams, Max Blumenfeld, Arthur White, Maurice Rose, A. L. Erlanger, Marc Klaw, W. A. Brady, Senator William E. Reynolds, Daniel Finn, William C. Davis, Francis C. Richter of the Philadelphia Sporting Life, Thomas F. McAvoy, Big Bill Edwards, Police Commissioner Waldo, Alderman John J. White, Lee Harrison, Felix Iman, Thomas Ryan of Philadelphia, James Foster of Philadelphia, Iron Man Joe McGuinnity of the Newark club, S. Lichtenheim of the Montreal club, J. J. McCaffery of the Toronto club, B. P. Little of the Rochester club, Jack Ryan of the Jersey City club, George Stockholm, Paul Armstrong, George Davis, who played third base for the Giants in 1894 and later was a member of the Chicago White Sox; Lew Fields, De Wolf Hopper, Tom O'Rourke, Digby Bell, Walter Johnson and Charlie Street, Washington battery; Manager Doin of the Philadelphia Nationals, James McAleer, now a part owner of the Boston Red Sox; Bill Clarke, a former Baltimore and New York favorite; Billy Smith of the Chattanooga club; Joe Kelley, Frank Dwyer, a former Chicago pitcher and now an up-State politician; Edward B. Carroll, Thomas Foley, G. R. Murray of Princeton University, Foxhall P. Keene, A. D. Hudson, George Colman, Matt Corbett, E. H. Ebbetts, Bill Dahlen, Barney Dreyfus and Fred Clarke of the Pittsburgh club, also the \$22,500 Pirate pitcher, Marty O'Toole, Jimmy Burke, Jack Knight, Hal Chase, the Phillies' Cy Cobb, Hugh Jennings, Old Cy Young, Tris Speaker, J. H. Farrell, Col. E. H. B. Green, W. M. McLeay, E. P. Walter, P. P. Pittman, G. B. McNair, Cyril de Cordova, Magistrate Kernochan, W. H. Miller, Henry B. Herpe, Joseph Fanning, E. B. Frost, Joseph Gordon, Andrew Freedman, J. C. Page, F. P. Potter, Jack Doyle and many others.

The National Commission occupied a box near that reserved for Mayor Gaynor and Police Commissioner Waldo.

Arrival of the Players.

The Giants arrived at the grounds shortly after noon. Friends surrounded Mathewson and Marquard before they could hurry to the dressing room. Neither knew whether he would be called upon to pitch, for Manager McGraw still refused to make known his plans, but Matty and the Babe each said that he felt confident of winning if allowed to pitch the first game of the series. Little Devore, whose two batters sent in the winning run three hours later, was confident.

"It makes no difference who Connie Mack pitches," he exclaimed in reply to questions, "I'll get five bingles as sure as you live. I'm just dying to get a crack at that fellow Bender."

The Sphinx had nothing on McGraw when he appeared.

"Nothing to say," he replied. "Not a word; we are just going out there to do the best we can. We are not a bit worried either."

The Athletics rode all the way up from the Hotel Somerset in automobiles. They were a happy bunch as they piled out and made their way through the throng at the entrance. Long-legged Connie Mack looked like a preacher as he stalked toward the clubhouse.

"Are you going to win, Connie?" asked the freckled-faced boy of ten years who tugged at his coat.

"How do I know, son?" replied the grim manager. "Here's a dollar, go up into the bleachers and find out for yourself."

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and the urchin, grabbing four silver quarters, made tracks for the ticket window as if he had been shot out of a gun.

Several Giants having donned their uniforms thrust their heads out of the clubhouse windows and viewed the preparations of the moving picture men on the field with expressions of dismay. It was said that the Giants could not understand why they were not coming in for their share of this costly privilege which they understood was to have been cut up with them.

The taking of moving pictures and the snapping of cameras by the way became an industry which entertained the waiting thousands, the photographers rushing around like wild men taking pictures of everything that moved. They were under the command of two important persons who strutted about the diamond as if they were managing the entire series. Their importance gave rise to the belief in some quarters that they owned one of the clubs, but soon their real business was disclosed and promptly interest in their movements abated. By this time, 12:30 o'clock, the grand stand was practically filled and the bleachers were packed. The entire playing surface was surrounded by a wall of humanity.

Brush and the Teams Arrive.

"Here comes Brush!" was the cry when a gate opened in the center field fence and a big automobile rolled onto the green. The camera men surrounded the car in a jiffy and the president of the New York club was mugged. Ten minutes later another gate opened and a rousing cheer went up from thousands of throats as the Athletics in yellowish gray uniforms, white stockings with blue stripes and blue sweaters with a white elephant on each breast walked upon the field in stately array. Connie Mack in street clothes looked up in the middle of the bunch, which was led by Eddie Collins, the former Columbia boy, and Harry Davis, the veteran captain. Philadelphia went wild with delight as they saw their champions approaching, but they pointed in sorrow at "Stuffy" McInnes, the great baseman, who was unable to play because of a lame wing. A little hunchback, also in uniform, trudged behind the American Leaguers, and as soon as they reached the bench the camera men fired volley after volley.

No sooner had the Athletics peeled off their sweaters than a mighty roar greeted the coming of the Giants. They had a surprise in store for the fans in the shape of new black uniforms with the white initials "N. Y." on their sleeves, white stockings and black caps with white visors. These uniforms were a counterpart worn by the Giants when they defeated the Athletics in 1905 and black and white also were the colors worn by the victorious New Yorks in 1899. At first it was hard to distinguish New York's favorites in these new togs, but soon the fans became accustomed to the novel sight and were rooting for their heroes in royal style.

The ludicrous Charlie Faust, attired in an old uniform, brought up the rear, while the conquering Mathewson and the foxy McGraw led the way. The players received a wonderful ovation. For fully five minutes deafening youngsters on. Old men joined with youngsters in praising their approval of the National League champions, and altogether the crowd showed unbounded confidence in the men of Gotham.

Practice Starts Up.

When the practice was under way the rival players fraternized. Larry Doyle went over and shook hands with Chief Bender and Ira Thomas, the big catcher. Then Chief Meyers caught sight of Bender and hurried up with extended hand. As the rival Indians exchanged greetings war whoops were heard all over the field. McGraw did not forget to shake hands cordially with Mack, and together they were photographed. The crowd cheered little Dick Hennessey, the Giants' mascot, as he played first base in lively style. Then came the umpires, Klem and Brennan of the National League staff and Connolly and Dineen of the American League staff. Of course they were victims of the camera fiends, and so were all the players who were picking up grounders and throwing around the diamond and hitting at curves thrown to them by the pitchers.

It was a lively scene but it was not the real thing and the crowd became impatient when the hands on the big timepiece in center field showed that 2 o'clock had arrived. Mathewson and Marquard had warmed up for the Giants while Bender and Connolly of the Athletics had groomed up. But to the last minute the selection of the pitchers remained a secret. Then Lawrence Phillips of Washington, with a huge megaphone, announced the battering. For a moment the crowd was silent. When Phillips announced Mathewson

as New York's pitcher the Giant rooters simply went crazy. It was also announced that Bender would pitch for the Mack men and that Harry Davis would play first base.

It was 2:10 o'clock when the preliminaries were over and the umpires took their places; Klem was behind the bat, with Dineen on the bases, Connolly on the left field foul line and Brennan on the right field foul line. The camera men were chased off the field, the Giants took their places, and Mathewson, pushing a wad of chewing gum into his teeth, walked to the mound. For a moment there was a hush.

The Game Begins.

Then a rattling roar as Mathewson winding up gracefully shot the first ball squarely over the plate to Lord, the Athletics' first baseman. Umpire Klem's right hand shot up straight over his head as he cried "Strike one!" The cheering continued as Matty pitched a beautiful drop ball over the corner of the plate. Lord's bat missing it by several inches. The third, fourth and fifth balls pitched were fouls. Then came a fast inshoot under Lord's chin and he struck out amid a terrific racket. Mathewson followed this by striking out Babe Olding with three pitched balls, whereupon there was more noise. Up came Eddie Collins and the first ball that came his way was driven on a line into the waiting hands of Mister Joshua Devore.

Ten pitched balls had been served up by the great Mathewson and not one of them had been called a ball while three of them had been fouled off. That was pitching which convinced the Athletics that Mathewson was still the king in the box and was ready to give the same old desperate battle that humbled them six years ago.

Chief Bender, as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and grinning confidently, promptly showed the Giants that he was at his finest trim. Little Devore struck at the first ball he served, but the next one went behind the batsman out of the catcher's reach and the Giant rooters sarcastically cried:

"Oh, oh, Mr. Bender! That won't do!"

It required six balls to dispose of Devore, who went out on a little tap to the redskin pitcher. But Laughing Larry Devore was more fortunate. He cracked a sharp grounder toward right field, and the nimble Collins, springing swiftly near it, made a gallant attempt to knock it down, but the ball had too much English on it and it twisted out of his grasp, to be scored as a hit. Horns were blown and bells were rung, the multitude cheered and hats were hurled aloft at this piece of good luck. But the happiness was momentarily quelled when Bender, who tremendously speed, struck the eager Snodgrass out.

One strike had been called on Murray when the agile Doyle made a lightning break for second base. Bender pitched out cleverly for Thomas, but the latter threw low in his attempt to stop the steal and Doyle slid across the bag in safety. Another demonstration of joy followed this achievement, but Bender again applied the wet blanket when he fanned Murray with dazzling shoos.

Second Inning Temporarily Dashed.

The hopes of the Giant rooters to earth, for the Athletics seemed to be able to solve the mystery of Philadelphia's delivery. Baker opened with a corking single to right, whereupon Philadelphia cheered and laughed in derision. Dan Murphy laid down a perfect bunt and Baker scooted to second in safety. Meyers got the signs crossed and had a short passed ball, the sphere twisting out of his mitt as he grabbed at it hapazardly. Baker promptly dashed for third, and Meyers, recovering the ball quickly, threw it to Herzog a moment later.

Davis Brings First Run In.

Harry Davis, with his big war club, trudged to the plate at this juncture and coolly let a couple of fast curves shoot past him. Then Matty put one squarely over the pan and Davis swung at it with all his might. His bat hit the ball on the trade mark and sent it whistling into left field so swiftly that neither Herzog nor Fletcher had time to approach it. It was the timeliest kind of a base hit and as Baker trotted across the plate New Yorkers sat back in their chairs and wondered if Mathewson had lost his cunning. Barry hammered a blazer straight at the Giants' pitcher and was thrown out at first, Davis advancing a peg on the play, but the crowd breathed more easily when Herzog after fumbling a shot from Thomas's bat made a superb throw to Merkle that retired the side.

Again in the third inning it looked as if the Athletics were gradually taking the measure of Sir Christopher, for after Murray had made a spectacular running catch near the foul line of Lord's bid for a

double, with one out, Olding hammered a curve ball so swiftly over third base that it looked like a foul to partisan eyes, but the hit was fair all right and was a rattling two-bagger. Then Collins followed with a base on balls, the only one that Matty gave; but pulling himself together and using the fadeaway the big fellow struck out Baker in a blaze of glory. That redeemed Matty in the estimation of the crowd and he was cheered as he walked to the bench.

There was a world of excitement when the Giants tied the score in the fourth inning. The crowd was rooting desperately when Snodgrass came to the plate. Bender pitched two strikes in rapid succession, then two called balls followed. The fifth and sixth were fouled off, the seventh was a ball and it was off and tuck. The next one that Bender hurled struck Snodgrass on the right wrist and he fisted to first with an ear-splitting din from all parts of the field. You couldn't make yourself heard when Murray toed the scratch. He tried to bunt the first ball, and Klem appeared to miss it. Bender, Davis and Thomas approached the umpire politely and told him he had erred. Klem promptly appealed to Dineen, who informed him that a strike should have been called, so a strike it was.

Murray finally rolled a hopping grounder to Collins for an out which put Snodgrass on second and there was more terrific rooting. Merkle looked dangerous, but he proved to be harmless, for Bender struck him out with three pitched balls, all speeding over the pan with beautiful control. Bender had not so easy. Bender had three balls called off the reel before a strike was recorded. Then Herzog fouled the next and another foul followed.

Rollins Makes His Fumble.

Then came a rattling grounder straight at Eddie Collins. It looked like a sure out, but Snodgrass was speeding for the plate, taking desperate chances. Instead of fielding the ball with his usual skill Collins made a mess of it. It twisted out of his fingers, but he recovered it quickly and made a lightning throw to the plate. Snodgrass was there a fraction of a second ahead of the flying sphere and with McGraw's famous hook slide he touched the corner of the dish with his spiked shoes as Thomas, swinging his arm around to touch him, missed his leg by several inches. This run tied the score and up leaped the crowd regardless of partiality to give vent to pent feelings.

No ball game ever produced such excitement. No crowd ever cheered so wildly. It was frenzy everywhere and women joined in shrieking until their throats were sore. The saddest-looking man on the field was poor Collins. An earlier play could not have been set up for him. Always cool in a crisis, he had fallen down in this one with a school-boy blunder that made him hang his head as he walked to the bench a few moments later. After Fletcher had been fanned by the plucky Bender. But Mack greeted him with a smile and, patting him on the back, assured him that the game was not lost and showed him that it was necessary for him to go in and fight harder for victory.

Equality Time in the Fifth.

There was a slight squall in the fifth inning which again made Mathewson's followers tremble. Devore made a beautiful capture of Thomas's hurtling drive, and Chief Bender catching a straight ball on the end of his bat smashed it into center field for a clean single. Lord bunted and Merkle made a superb play when he threw Bender out at second on a force. Then Olding, who seemed to have Matty's number, hammered his second two-bagger to right field and Lord sprinted around to third. But Collins's roller was grabbed up by Merkle, who in a wild scramble managed to tag Collins half a step from the bag.

Thereafter Matty was the Mathewson of old. Baker was the only man to find him for a safe hit, which occurred in the sixth inning, and when Baker tried to steal Meyers cut him down with a perfect throw. In the last half of the inning the Giants narrowly missed scoring another run. Snodgrass was hit by a pitched ball for the second time, and the crowd roared with delight. Murray put him on second with a perfect sacrifice bunt, and there was more excitement. As Merkle struck out Snodgrass daringly made a break for third. Thomas threw the ball like a rifle bullet squarely into Baker's hands, and it seemed as if Snodgrass was nipped, but he slid feet first into the bag, his spiked shoes striking Baker's left wrist, and the latter dropped the ball.

Snodgrass of course was safe and while the Giant rooters yelled long and loudly the Athletics' trainer hurried onto the diamond and bathed Baker's injury. It was of a trifling nature fortunately, and the player was able to resume in a few minutes. But the din kept right on, for there was a chance to take the lead, possibly win the game. Bender mopped his forehead as Herzog faced him. The latter's lot was a base on balls and the crowd imagined that Bender was weakening. The next moment Herzog sprinted for second. A line throw from Thomas was caught by Collins, who, paying no attention to Herzog, returned the ball with unerring accuracy to the catcher in time to retire Snodgrass at the plate, thus killing what otherwise would have been a sure run. The moment Snodgrass was waved out by Klem the crowd ceased rooting and lapped into absolute silence, save for the faint cries of a few Philadelphia rooters who had not relinquished hope.

The Inning of Victory.

Victory came in the seventh inning in the most impressive manner. With one man down Meyers loomed up at the plate with war cries on every hand. The two Indians smiled pleasantly at each other and Bender soon pitched a fast curve ball over the outside corner of the pan. With a mighty swing Meyers met the ball squarely. It started on a meteoric flight in the direction of the left field bleachers, flying thousands of spectators who under it dashed Lord at top speed, stretching out his hands and headless of the fence. Ball and finger reached the abutment simultaneously. For an instant it seemed as if Lord had caught it, but as he turned and sprinted away from the boards it was seen that the ball had escaped him. It was a cracking hit and Meyers with the speed of a runaway elephant managed to get two bases, though a faster runner would have taken three. Bender had a grin for Mathewson and struck him out. He had two strikes on little Devore and it looked as if there would be no run when the midge laced a fast one squarely over Baker's head. The latter leaped off the ground in a frantic attempt to knock the hit down, but it was too high for him and, carrying off the edge of the grand stand it scuttled diagonally into left field for another two-bagger.

The hit was long enough to enable Meyers to lumber across the plate with the tally that spelled defeat for the hus-

ling Quakers. Bender appeared to hand an intentional pass to Doyle, after which he fanned Snodgrass for the second time.

The Fadeaway Does Valiant Work.

With a lead of one run Mathewson now depended exclusively on his fadeaway and he used it with deadly effect. He curved the ball down over the center and corners of the plate in such a manner that the Athletics in the last two innings were mere pygmies before him. The last play that wound up the Athletics' chances was a swift grounder to Fletcher from Davis's bat, and picking it up cleanly that clever young player made a superb throw to Merkle, who did not have to move an inch to smother the leather in his capacious mitt.

Then from the stands rolled an army of delighted fans who swallowed up the victorious Giants even though they were sprinting for the clubhouse to escape their friends. The Athletics, somber-faced and glum, walked away to their quarters, practically unnoticed. But Connie Mack was cheerful in the hour of defeat.

The Managers' Opinions.

"A splendid game," he said to The Sun reporter, "a battle of pitchers. The Giants deserve credit for their fine play, but when we get them in Philadelphia on Monday we may teach them something about the national game. Matty and Bender never pitched better ball in their lives. We have no excuses to make. We did our best and one victory doesn't win the series."

"We've got a lot of confidence now," said John McGraw. "I put Matty in, for I knew he could win the first game. Now we'll give them Marquard on Monday, and if we win that game I'll make a little bet we'll win the series, but it's a little early to crow, so don't ask me to say any more."

The players as soon as they had hustled into their street clothes made inquiries as to the receipts, and when they learned that their share of the spoils was more than \$41,000 they seemed to be well satisfied, although a few of them remarked that the sum did not come up to their expectations. However, they went away making plans for the future regardless of expense and praying for good weather next week, when the bank roll under favorable conditions may be increased materially.

The game ended at 4:20 o'clock and twenty minutes later the cleaners were busy sweeping the stands and picking up newspapers that littered the field. The fans had gone, the money had been counted, the coppers, ushers, vendors and gate tenders had been paid and a long day's labor was ended. In the streets outside the Brush Stadium the battle cry was "on to Philadelphia," where to-morrow the rival champions will meet in the second battle at Shibe Park.

Notes of the Game.

After Devore had walked in the third inning Bender made a pitch out for him but Josh didn't go down. Whereupon he gave the Chief the "Ha, ha!"

Bender and Snodgrass were exchanging compliments and the former made merry when Snodgrass was nipped at the plate in the sixth.

Lord made a splendid try for Meyers's long two-bagger in the fateful seventh, running back against the rampart and making an honest effort to get the ball.

McGraw was up on the lines every evening, shifting from first to third, Devlin, Witte and Latham were his assistant coaches. Coombs and Hartel coached for the Athletics.

Eddie Collins did not shine in the first game, though his fielding was all right barring his costly error. Larry Doyle had very little to do at second.

Outside of the pitching the best defensive work was done by the two catchers.

Olding was over eager the first time he went to bat, but his long swing flayed the ball for two solid two-baggers after that.

Those who looked for nervousness and fumbling from Fletcher were fooled. He was weak at the bat, but sure and cool in the field.

The game was ten minutes late in beginning. The extra time was consumed by a revolving camera.

Mathewson looked pale, but that probably was the effect of his dark suit. Said suits may be serviceable, but they're gloomy torgery for baseball.

Fletcher and Herzog both went for a grounder, and when the latter saw he couldn't get it he threw himself at full length to get out of Fletcher's way. Herzog, by the way, was peevish on called strikes.

Once during the game Klem held up an admonishing hand to the Philadelphia bench, cautioning the occupants to keep quiet.

The long distance hitting was confined to two two-baggers on each side.

"No more for me," said Harry Davis after the game. "When this is over I shall have had enough baseball playing."

McInnes, the crippled first baseman of the Athletics, was out in uniform, but few of the spectators recognized the little star.

At the Bulletin Boards.

Those who did not get inside of the Polo Grounds or around it "saw" the game from the ticker, whether it was in a hotel, club, barroom or broker's office. The rest of the town got details of the game such

Continued on Fourth Page.

The Weather.

Oct. 15.—Fair weather continued yesterday in the middle Atlantic States and New England and quite generally west of the Mississippi River, except on the north Pacific coast and in southern Texas, where there was rain. There was a storm of small area central over Wisconsin moving eastward, attended by some heavy rainfalls in eastern Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri and Iowa and light rains in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan. The winds were becoming high around the upper lakes. A second storm appeared in the central Gulf of Mexico, with rains on the Gulf coast from Texas to Florida, which were very heavy in southern Florida. There was no indication of high winds with this storm area.

The temperature in New York and New Jersey touched freezing point. It was ten degrees below freezing at White River and the freezing line dipped south into Vermont and Maine and at Birmingham it was two degrees below freezing point.

In this city the day was fair and slightly warmer; winds, fresh southerly; average humidity, 41 per cent; barometer, corrected to read at sea level, 30.18; 3 P. M., 30.17.

The temperature yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table.

	1911.	1910.	1909.	1908.	1907.
9 A. M.	53	55	58	59	55
12 M.	61	63	65	66	62
3 P. M.	61	63	65	66	62
6 P. M.	61	63	65	66	62
9 P. M.	61	63	65	66	62
Lowest temperature, 61° at 3 P. M.					

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

For eastern New York, cloudy and slightly warmer to day; rain in the afternoon or to-night; unsettled to-morrow; light to moderate variable winds.

For New England, increasing cloudiness to-day; slightly warmer; western portion; rain at night or to-morrow; light to moderate variable winds.

For Eastern Pennsylvania, cloudy and slightly warmer Sunday, with occasional rain; unsettled to-morrow; light southerly winds.

For New Jersey, cloudy and slightly warmer to-day, with occasional rain; unsettled to-morrow; light to moderate southerly winds.

For Delaware, cloudy Sunday, with occasional rain; unsettled to-morrow; light to moderate southerly winds.

For the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia, cloudy and warmer to-day, with occasional rain; unsettled to-morrow; light southerly winds.

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MARRIED.

ROURKE-McCLOSKEY.—On October 4, Mary T. McCloskey to Edward F. Rourke.

DIED.

CHANDLER.—Suddenly, at Orange, N. J., on Saturday, October 14, Howard M. Chandler, only child of Arthur D. and Lucetta M. Chandler.
Funeral private. Interment at Woodstock, Conn. (Requested that flowers be sent.)

GIUSE.—James Giuse, aged 52 years. Funeral at "THE FUNERAL CHURCH," 341 and 343 West 54th St. (FRANK H. CAMPBELL, BUILDING.)

HEERMAN.—Abraham Heerman, beloved husband of Sarah W. Heerman.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

MITHILL.—On October 13, at her residence, 11 West 98th St., Helen Reed, widow of Cornelius S. Mithill, in the 78th year of her age.
Funeral services Sunday, October 15, at 1 o'clock.

PLEASANTS.—On October 12, Pauline Pleasants, aged 87 years.
Funeral at the chapel of the Stephen Morris Funeral and Cremation Co., 4th av. and 14th st., on Sunday at 1 o'clock.

SMITH.—On October 14, Beatrice beloved daughter of Catherine Maud and G. Wade Smith, Jr., aged 6 years. Funeral services at the Chapel of